THEY WORSHIP SATAN

Uncanny Religious Rites in a Cavern in a Valley of Mesopotamia.

The "Angel Peacock" of the Yezidis-Initiating a Neophyte-The Dead and the Living Side by Side.

London Standard.

One of the strangest and most mysterious of the many religious sects of the world is that of the Yezidis, or Devil Worshipers, of Mesopotamia; called also Kara-Bash, or Black Heads, by their neighbors who hate them. The chief shrip of their faith is in the valley of Sheikh Adi, northeast of Mosul. This is an idyllic retreat, shut in from the outer world by the mountains that completely surround it. The hillsides and declivities are well wooded. there is an amplitude of shade and shelter, and a dozen rivulets leap from rocky fissures and clefts, bubbling and sparkling in the sunshine until they find their way to the lower grounds. But the valley has an uncanny reputation. Christian, Moslem and Jew all shun it, for it is the Mazar, or pilgrim resort, of those detested Devil Worshipers.

Few outsiders have ever entered this mysterious place, and fewer still have witnessed the rites performed there. Among the few, however, was this year a correspondent of the Standard. Conspicuous in the middle of the glen is a fair-sized white edifice, with a double spire and spacious outbuildings, the tomb of Sheikh Adl, the founder of the strange sect, whose object of reverence is satan. Higher up the valley is a much smaller building-a simple, oblong erection, low-pitched, and of the plainest possible construction. It is windowless, has a single spire, and is dazzlingly white. The front faces the rising sun, and the slender point rising from the roof catches the last lingering rays of the westering orb. At the back of the edifice is a series of sheltered alcove-like pens, in which tended by a white-robed "tshavish." These animals are sacred, dedicated to Sheikh Shems-that is, to the sun, and the building to which they are attached is the "sanctuary of the white cow," the temple of the Devil Worshipers. Here, annually, usually in mid-August, a solemn initiation is celebrated, at which the "Kah," or fakir saint of the Devil's Order, from Aleppo, is pres-

The valley is full of Yezidi pilgrims, who have spread their tents under branching oak trees on the hillsides or constructed rude tabernacles of beams and greenery on the flat roofs of stray buildings there. The ceremony takes place at night, and as the shadows begin to lengthen, and the sun settles on the hill crests in the west, the Devil Worshipers gather by hundreds in front of the sanctuary of the White Kine. The men are dressed in spotless white robes, and wear white turbans, above which rise the tops of the black caps, from which rise the tops of the black caps, from which they derive their popular designation "Kara-Bash," or Black-Heads. Here and there are seen the flaming orange robe and headgear of a "pir," or priest, and more conspicuous still, by reason of its contrast to the rest, the somber black "mashlah" and head covering of the fakirs of the fraternity. All however weer the of the fraternity. All, however, wear the peculiar vests of white cotton and the twisted black cord round the neck which marks the true Yezidi, the Devil-Worshiper born and bred. The sectaries use no form of prayer and have no written liturgy; indeed, they cannot any of them read or write, these accomplishments being pro-hibited to all, whether layman or cleric, with the solitary exception of a single fam-ily, to which is intrusted, as an hereditary charge, the reading of the Yezidi Bible—the "Jalaoo"—which, with the "Mashafi Rash," constitutes their "Black Book." When the sun begins to dip below the hilltops the worshipers rise and hold out their hands so as to catch its last rays. They cover their faces with both hands and kiss them, and finally, as the luminary sinks, they, with one accord, fall upon their knees, bend their heads to the ground, touch the earth with their finger tips, and gently tap their foreheads above the eyebrows. PROCESSION OF THE ANGEL PEA-

As soon as it is dark, a white-robed "tshavish," who has charge of the sanctuary, emerges from the pen in the rear of the building, carrying in his hands half a dozen small lamps, ready lighted, which he fixes in tiny niches prepared for them in front. This is the signal for commencealmost, answering lights flash from every corner of the valley. They gleam starlike, suspended from trees, dangling upon poles, or placed in nooks and crannies of the rocky hillsides. The fires of those encamped in the glen are piled afresh, and stirred until the flames leap high in the air, and the ruddy glare is reflected the length and breadth of the valley. Scarcely are the lamps placed in the niches about the temple when the sound of music is heard in the distance, and the lights of a procession are seen approaching from the tomb of Sheikh Adi. It is the procession of the "Malak Taus," or Angel Peacock, the sacred symbol of the Devil Worshipers. The Yezidis part right and left as the bearers of the Holy Schjak come nearer, to allow them to have on to the sanctuary. In front them to pass on to the sanctuary. In front march a score of "koshaks," or servitors of the temple, in dark garments, carrying torches. Behind them follow five "kawals, or musicians, in the orthodox white mantles and black headgear, playing lustily upon reeded flutes and tambourines; then a or priest, in flaming yellow, rearing aloft the covered emblem of the satan cultus, and in rear a dozen swarthy, blackrobed fakirs. The party make straight for the small temple in Front, go round, and pass in by a low door in the rear, where the sacred white kine are stabled, in charge of their "tshavish." Entering the doorway, we proceed not forward, but downward, by steps cut in the earth, and leading underground. The music ceases, but we march on, the "koshkas" with their flaring torches lighting the way, for the descent is in per-fect darkness. We go further on, through a gloomy passage with a slight slope, and after a sharp turn to the right reach the ground Temple of the Devil Worshipers.

Holy of Holles of the Yezdis, the under-The sanctuary is a huge subterranean vault, originally, no doubt, a natural cave. It is in semi-darkness when we enter, and it is not easy to determine its exact proportions, but it appears to be about eighty feet long by forty feet broad. A series of recesses has been cut on each side, and these are filled with grim-looking, whiterobed figures standing silent and impassive, as only Orientals can when deeply moved. In front of these the elders of various communities scattered throughout the neighboring Pashaliks, are ranged; on the right a double row of "pirs," or priests, all attired in the white vests, flame-colored mantles and turbans of the caste. On the left are a double row of the mendicant friars, wearing the coarse black "mashlah" and headgear which are incumbent upon their Their eyes seemed turned inward, engaged in introspecand they look like men under influence of hashish, or some such sense-overmastering drug. At the further extremity of the temple are ranged the women of the "Faikraya," or convent attached to the Tomb of Adi. They are attired, like the male members of the hierarchy, in white garments and headdresses, and are only distinguished from the men by a cord drawing in their robes around the waist. In front of them is the "kabana," or lady superior, wearing a white tuft in her head dress. The end by which we entered is occupied by the "koshaks," bearing the torches, the flare of which sheds a fitful light over the assembly. In the center of the sanctuary is a spuare stone altar, and behind this stand, on one side, the spiritual head of the Yezedis, on the other the lay head, or Emir of the community. Between both is the "kak." or chief of the fakir brotherhood, who takes precedence of everybody, and whose person and clothing are reckoned so holy that none ever venture to touch them. Above the altar hangs a single lamp, the solitary Illuminant of the underground temple, and in front of it, stretched upon the bare ground, lie two human figures. One is attired in spotless white cerements, the other garbed in the full black robes of the fakir fraternity. One is the corpse of a dead mendicant brother, the other the body of a living novice who is to become his successor in the order. The faces of both are livid and drawn, and in the fitful gloom of the sanctuary it is impossible to distinguish the living Yezidi from the dead fakir

UNCANNY ADORATION.

It is certainly a weird and impressive scene, and a little eerie, presented by the interior of the underground sanctuary in the semi-darkness, as the "pirs" and fakirs of the "Malak Taus" procession reach their places by the side of their brethren. The bearer of the sacred emblem marches into the center, and, taking his stand beside the "Kak," unveils the Sanjak in sight of the whole assembly. The covering re-

moved, the emblem is clearly seen. It is the bronze image of a peacock perched on the central branch of a triple candelabra. The connection of the peacock with the worship of the devil is rather singular, but is thus explained by the sectaries. When the all-benificent Deity created the hawk, which destroys, satan created a peacock, which is both beautiful and harmless, in order to show that all his works were not necessarily evil. They say, moreover, that it was in the form of a peacock that the fallen angel tempted Eve in Paradise, and it is through a peacock that satan will regain his position hereafter in the celestial hierarchy. The sight of the emblem, the Angel Peacock, for it is no sooner unveiled than, with mechanical precision, they raise their with mechanical precision, they raise their hands above their heads, exclaiming "Khoda!" "Khoda" dropping them again as mechanically when they have done this. The "kawais" then start the opening symphony of a hymn—a plaintive melody in a minor key—in which the women of the "Faikraya" join, and also the "pirs." The singers do not understand the words of the hymn, for they know nothing but Kurdish, and the invocation is in some older dialect of Asia invocation is in some older dialect of Asia Minor, which it is not easy to recognize. When the voices are slient the "Kak" begins the ceremony of initiation. At a sign from the chief two of the black-robed fakirs step forward and raise from the ground the neophyte, who has been in un-derground solitude for forty days, fasting each day from sunrise to nightfall, and is clad in the white cerecloths of the dead, to mark the solemnity of the occasion. He prostrates himself on the sacred symbol, held aloft, and, instructed by his assistants, proceeds to divest himself of the white garment in which he is attired, and, bending on his knee, shrouds with it the corpse of the dead fakir, beside whom he has been lying. When this is done, the "Kak" comes round, and with his own hands invests him with the robes of his order. First he throws over the shoulders of the novice a coarse black gown, reaching below the knees and over the white cotton drawers and vest which are obligatory portions of a fakir's costume. He is then girded with a black cord about the waist. The neophyte now produces a black cap, which he must have made with his own hands, and puts it on his head, while the "Kak" throws over him the "mahak" or bridle, a twisted cord, which goes round the neck and falls down in front like a necklet. This cord must never leave him night or day, so long as he lives; and when he dies it is buried with him. There is this difference between the "fakir" of the Devil Worshipers and the other priests. The latter wear the cord short, so that its ends are concealed beneath the outer garment; the former wears it over all, so that it is always seen. THE CLIMAX OF THE RITES.

Invested with the "mahak," the candidate is fully initiated, and walks slowly round the temple, passing in front of the "pirs" or, the right hand, the "koshaks" at the end of the sanctuary, and his colleagues, the black-robed fakirs, on the left. As he moves leisurely along, each of the persons before whom he passes spits in his face. This is not done as a mark of contempt, but to avert evil and misfortune from the subject of this somewhat unpleasant proceeding. The first duty the new-made fakir takes upon himself is to minister to his brethren present. He procures from the "tshavish" who has the things in readiness, a pot of oil and some wick, which he im-merses in it and lights by means of the lamp in the center. He then walks round the temple, holding the light in front of the "pirs" and "fakirs." Each bends over the light, holds his hands out to it as though to feel its warmth, and then gently strokes his beard or chin, afterward kissing his fingers and tapping lightly his forehead. With this the ceremony terminates. The peacock procession is formed, and the party gain the open air by a different ascent, which brings the members out on the opposite side of the little building above, where the sacred white kine are installed. Strengthened by the addition of the "Kak," the Emir and Sheikh, the "pirs," "kawals" and "fakirs" who have taken part in the ceremony of the evening, the procession passes through the ranks of the white-robed worshipers outside, whose numbers have in the interval been considerably re-inforced, and include many women in the white dress of the sect. The image of the "Malak Taus" is now borne uncovered; and when the Yezidis see it they fall prostrate upon the ground, the entire body, between eighteen hundred and two thousand strong, uttering a shrick of ecstasy and devotion that makes one's blood run cold, and seems to re-echo through the valley for a good five minutes afterward. The procession winds slowly down the glen toward the tomb of Sheikh Adi, where the lights gleam brightly in the distance, In rear of the party now a "tshavish" leads one of the scared white kine from the drove dedicated to the sun, flowers twisted in its horns, and attended by the whole multitude of Yezidis in orderly array. As the procession moves along the women of the "Falkraya" chant a couple of their hymns to the accompaniment of the "kawals" flutes and tambourines. Arrived at the Saint's resting-place, a halt is made in the courtyard surrounding the main building, the white heifer is bound and killed, not by cutting its throat in ordinary Eastern fashion, but by opening the chest and inserting a hand, which grasps the palpitating heart of the victim, squeezes the blood out, and then tears it from the body, to east it in front of the emblem of the Peacock Angel. The carcass is then hewn in vices and distributed among the Veridian pieces and distributed among the Yezidi worshipers, who return to their respective Priest and fakir, chief and neophtyte enter the tenements alloted to them near

A BRAHMIN'S SECRET.

Sheikh Adi's tomb. One by one the lights

on the hillside and under the trees are extinguished, and the sanctuary of the Devil Worshipers is given over to darkness

It Was Only a Little One, but Enabled Him to Earn a Living.

Bombay Guardian. A Brahmin who has been in the habit of deceiving the people in various parts of India came to our bungalow a few days ago. We had been desirous of meeting him for some time, in order that we might have an opportunity to examine, and, if possible, to expose his tricks. He claimed that with the assistance of astrology and the deities he could tell any word that we had a mind to write in secret. We told him that we doubted his ability to do so. He told us, if we did not believe, to examine for ourselves. He gave Brother Chute (my fellow-laborer at this station) a piece of paper, a pencil, and a book to lay the paper on while writing. Brother Chute wrote a word, put the paper in his pocket and returned the pencil and book to the Brahmin, and asked him to tell the word he had written. He went to the other side of the bungalow, and in a few minutes returned and told the word. Brother Chute thought he must have seen him while writing, so he took another paper, the book and pencil and wrote another word in a private room and asked him to tell it. After going as before, he soon returned and told the word correctly. We were much surprised, but it set us thinking. We noticed that each time he gave the book to put the paper on while writing he took the book with him when he went to find out what was written. We noticed that the book was covered with light brown paper. Thinking that under this cover he had black copying paper which would take the impression of anything written upon it, Brother Chute again took the pencil, paper and book and went into a private room. He took the paper cover from the book and found the black copying paper as expected, and seven or eight sheets of plain white paper under it. Thus it was arranged on each cover of the book, so that anything written on either cover would be copied by the copying paper underneath. Seeing the arrangement, and wishing to see what excuse he would make, Brother Chute wrote a word, placing the paper on the table, and not on the book, and handed the book and pencil to him as before. He went out as before, but came back, saying that Brother Chute must try again. The latter gave the paper to his sister and told her the trick. She wrote a word and we asked him to tell what she had written, but he soon came back, saying that we must write again. So I took the pencil, paper and book, and went into a private room and examined his book, and found it as Brother Chute stated. I wrote a word upon the table and returned his pencil and book. He went out, but soon returned, saying that the stars were not favorable to-day, and therefore he could not tell the words he had written. We then took the cover off his book and showed him (and a number of others from the town who had come to see him perform) his deception. We took copying paper which we had of our own, and placed it between sheets of other paper and showed the people how it would copy. He begged of us not to expose his trick, saying that it was the only way he had to make a living, and that rich Brahmins and kings had offered him hundreds of rupees if he would reveal to them the secret, but that he had shown no one.

Insurance of Opium Users.

New York Tribune. Perhaps the most important evidence secured by the British Parliamentary commission appointed for the purpose of investigating the opium question is that tendered by the management of the Oriental Life Assurance Company, which possesses what may almost be described as the monopoly of the native business in India. According to the testimony of the directors of that institution, no extra premium is charged to users of the drug, and this estimate of the risk seems to be confirmed by the surprising fact that during twenty years not a single claim has been paid for death which could have been attributed to the use of opium.

BLACK-BASS FISHING

A Variety of Game Which Is Noted for Its Whims and Oddities.

No Rules Can Be Laid Down for Catching This Fish, for All Rules Fail-Its Mysterious Habits.

New York Evening Post. Who is there with the true fortitudes of bass fishing who cannot recall those long dreary voids of sport filled only by hope? It may be that after a broken night of sleep, restless with the burden of waking at dawn, you are at last out on the lake just as the daylight fairly begins to temper the gloom. There is a strong ripple, a mildly clouded sky, the bait many in kind and fresh in quality, and you know the lake's bottom as you do your own dooryard. Yet for a dozen mortal hours you fish, up anchor and down anchor, shift places, bait, and style of fishing, without hint of nibble, the dancing corks and the blue dragon-fly perched on the rod's gleaming tip, mocking hope. Then there is the day when the first half-hour of early morning brings its two or three fine fish, and a dozen hours of vacuity follow; the reversed day when, just at the close and too late, the bass shows eager and nipping humor; the day when one spot alone has paid for anchorage, and when you lash yourself for deserting it for more hopeful but less realistic fishing-grounds. Saddest, perhaps, of all, yet most common, is that day when the bass strike your "short suit" on bait. Helgramites, worms, crickets, "live bait," you may have in quantity, but only half a dozen frogs, the fisher misled, perchace, by some rustic angler's dictum, "Frogs ain't wuth nothin' this year." Then it is, and just then, that Mr. Bass strikes your frogs and touches nothing else. And, finally, there is that black-lettered day when every preverse fish seems to nibble without fairly biting, and when bass after bass, illhooked, rises, makes his airy leap, and

leaves hook and chagrin behind. All this explains why bass fishing has no rules, still less axioms. One feels at the end of half a lifetime and many moons of fishing like him who knew all about Rome after the first week there, knew less at the after the first week there, knew less at the end of a month, and at the year's end found he knew nothing. Out of long experience may come notions, hints, vague generalizations, possibly, but each with almost as many exceptions as examples. As such and as deductions on the sport, imperfect at best, the little lore derived from hundreds of days passed on the bass waters of lower New England is set forth here.

THE MATTER OF BAIT. Bait, fresh bait, every kind of bait, and plenty of each kind of bait are prime factors in bass fishing. Catch them yourself and keep them in stock, reliance upon any party of the second part being usually a vain thing. This is, in truth, the hardest and most vexing side of bass fish-ing, every hour passed in actually angling ing, every hour passed in actually angling having its equation in the grimy task work of catching, tending and saving bait. The long trudge by the brookside for the elusive frog, the "stonewall" tug for hellgramites in the river's bed, and the chase of the brisk cricket all have their special toll and asperities, and of skill not a little. Just here, in this vital matter of bait, come in a few hints in the pature of exact knowledge. a few hints in the nature of exact knowledge. That many-named larva—a kind of insect goblin—dubbed hellgramite, also dobson, also bloomer, also alligator bait, also creeper, is best kept, running water not being at hand, in pure water changed each day or two, with a few fresh green leaves thrown in, the tin vessel in which he is placed being slightly tilted so as to allow the amphibian to emerge from the fluid. Though so ugly he is cleanly in habit, and the common plan of keeping him on soiled gravel or in rotting debris is a costly blunder. For preserving the young frogs there is the simple but successful device of a common barrel with gimlet-holes bored at the bottom, a little fresh grass, and a low pan or pail filled with water and placed in the barrel, with a block or small board in the water for a froggy perch. Change the water in the pail every two days and pour another fresh pailful through the grass. So good an authority as Darwin has told us how earth worms thrive on vegetable mould. Yet how few anglers know the trick of mixing it with the earth in which the worms are commonly kept—only to die if not occasionally moistened. The point of cooling the water in the bait-pail by bits of ice, especially in transit to the lake, is better known, but not much more often practiced. As to young frogs, moreover, when hooked through both jaws, they live longer, suffer less, and more frequently take the fish. Changed frequently on the hook, they recover vitality, the wound quickly heals, and they survive for several angling days.

THE BEST BAIT.

Speaking in terms of inexact science and purely from strong impression, the writer's order of values in bass bait is as follows: Frog, hellgramite, worms, crickets, "live" bait, grasshopper. The hellgramite is at his best for bait in July and early August, and passes to much lower terms of value in the later year. The frog runs through the whole season, and takes, as a rule, the larger bass. Of "live" bait, young perch | London Spectator. from four to five inches long are much loved of the larger bass, but hard to get and keep. Earth worms of the largest size, left on the bottom with slackened line, have sometimes proved most taking bait, especially in July, the bass sometimes touching nothing else. But such cases in the writer's experience have been exceptional. So, too, has been his luck with crickets, which so many crack anglers extol, but which during his lifetime are to be credited with few good strings. Yet there comes vividly to memory a mighty string of bass caught a few years ago in a Connecticut pond by a farmer whose tackle had been two coarse hand lines, minus snells, and the clumsiest of hooks. He had used crickets. and his string of bass was "high hook" of the whole season's fishing on that water, where during the season many a skilled angler had flung his line. With one exception, and that many years ago, the writer can recall but one day's good catch with grass hoppers.

It was at the pond referred to, and during last season, that there came to the writer's attention a noteworthy instance of the freakish biting habit of the bass. A gentleman had at one point in the pond caught eighteen bass-on frogs-in very brief time. The next day two skilled anglers fished that identical spot for hours with frogs and took nothing, when, after trying crickets, of which they had a few bruised specimens on hand, the bass greedily took them, and, of course, ran that "short suit" quickly out. Meanwhile, a few hundred feet away, two youngsters of the party were striking big fish, cracking rods and breaking lines-on frog bait. And so bass fishing ever goes-the gamesome creature's appetite varying from day to day in one place as compared to another of the same pond, ever shifting, and without clew to its odd muta-

Hence arises that mystery as to the normal habits of the bass. Does he travel in schools or by singles? Does he swing systematically around the body of water which he inhabits, or does he swim in narrow orbits over some favored feeding grounds? It is all mystery, and again only impressions can be stated. They favor the idea that the bass, as a rule, shift ground from day to day, but not on particular days, when their feeding grounds are pretty limited, while their vagaries of appetite are due, it may be, to some subaqueous accident affecting the abundance of minnowsusing that word for all small fish. Probably bass move in small schools, rarely exceeding eight or ten. There is, however, in Connecticut, one famous bass lake where the daily rotative habit of the fish around the shores is established, and where the local anglers simply anchor their crafts and wait—it may be for hours—ere the school strikes in, makes things lively for ten minutes, and passes on. On other lakes the writer has tried that "waiting" policy, but never yet with success, and the plan of pretty rapid shifting of place-of course, if the fish don't bite or stop biting-is fairly

well fixed by experience. ADDITIONAL SUGGESTIONS. Here are a few more ideas on bass fishing with experience behind them, yet not all stated as positive conclusions. Pull up lines frequently. Keep the bait on the hook ever fresh and lively. Test lines and snells carefully before each day's fishing. The long gut leaders are a delusion, pretty to the lengthwise by a second double snell tied from a sheet of the thickness of thin blot-

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ORIGINAL EAGLE

Sproat No. 2, large-wired, short-shanked, and well barbed, is better. Strike your fish with quick, short stroke, relax the line as he rises to the leap, and then play him to his death strongly and fearlessly. Use oil silk line, double the size of a trout line. The latter is "pretty," like the fancy gut leader, but, like it, easily flawed and bro-

Combine the landing and bait-net in one with ample hoop, handle not less than five feet long, and netting sewed with copper bell wire in "cuts," say, of two feet each. A break or rip can then be taken up by a loosened end of the wire, and the general uses of the combination net are so many that once tested it will never be disused. that once tested it will never be disused. Fish with largest hope on a breezy day of summer following storm. In general, breeze with sun is better than cloud with calm. While inferior to cloud • ith breeze. A sunny day with glassy surface is all but hopeless, save in autumn or in summer during early morning or immediately following storm. Finally, no wind is too strong for bass, albeit it may be for anchors and boat. In bass fishing, within its wide range of pure luck, is it exceptionally true that knowledge of places surpasses mere skill, and that nice attention to details in the credential of the

successful angler. As to multiplying rods and lines in the boat, bass fishers divide into two groups. One "spiders" the craft with rods and handlines, aping the professional and "pot" fishers; the other group of more sublimated fishers insist on single-rod fishing as the only test of the gentlemanly angler. The writer's own prejudice runs midway in favor of two rods and the same number of hand-lines—not here defended on the score of being the most refined and aesthetic type of angling, but simply on the utilitarian ground that even in bass fishing we ought to catch some fish, and its long waits 'twixt to catch some fish, and its long waits 'twixt bites mustn't smack too strongly of eternity.

THE CULTIVATED CLASSES. Why the Present Are Unjoyous Days for Them.

The whole stream of things is going, and for years has gone, entirely against them. Solid power has slipped, in western Europe and America, entirely out of their hands. Legal authority is everywhere entirely with the masses, and if they do not fully exert their strength, it is only because they are still a little bewildered in what way to direct it. They turn aside, half of them in France, Germany, Ireland, Bohemia, and even America, which has no frontiers and no rivals, to gratify some sentiment of national pride, impatience, or vengeance, which has little connection either with despondency or hope. The cultivated, nevertheless, expect them to rush forward and upon themselves, and know, or believe, that the battle is lost almost before it has been fought. How can the two or three stand up against a stampede? Every day, in every telegram, they hear of some new attack, and how often do they hear of victory, or even a drawn battle? Always the result is extended suffrage, fresh "equalities," destruction of all privileges-even the last and dearest, the privilege of seclusion. Every great movement is contrary to their advice, every great advance is made at their expense, every great effort is organized in the hope of throwing them

If there is a new "boon," it is for the multitude; if there is a new tax, it is for the cultivated to bear. Think what it is in a country like ours for the cultivated to be in the power of a man like Mr. Gladstone, who openly says that they are nothing, that the instinct of the many is wiser than the thought of a few, that the "classes" must stand aside in order that the masses may have their rush! That conquest of Europe by the Chinese which Dr. Pearson is supposed to have prophesied-though that was not his meaning-has actually occurred; the invading hosts of the halfcivilized having come, not across the deserts of northern Asia, but up from below in our very midst. The whole movement may be good, for it has certainly been permitted by Providence; but still, the change is so rapid, so far-reaching, and as respects property so frightening, that of itself it is enough to throw the classes effected into deep dejection. Their vitality has been lowered by culture pressed on them, not through life, but in the few growing years of youth. Their prospects have been darkened by the grand sanitary improvements which cause the old to survive. Their mental energy has been snapped, as Sir J. Crichton Browne says, by excessive introspection and "sentience," that is, awareness of the complexity of all things, till there is among them a universal hesitation and doubt of themselves and their rights; and just then they are told in the most resonant of all voices that they have no rights at all, that they do but cumber the ground, and that they must be pulverized to make the path of the people smooth. Just at this mo-ment, too, when the outlook seems blackest, the cultivated, as Dr. Pierson points out, have either lost their faith or been made doubtful about their faith, and are filling up the void with ideas like heredity and its greater congener, determinism, half believing that it is unjust to punish evil. because a man is but the inevitable outcome of many generations of ancestors. Cain was sinless, according to some people, because of his hereditary instincts,

though Abel was his brother. The cultivated man, too, is suffering, as Dr. Pearson says, from the reaction caused by oversanguine hopes. In 1851, when the Crystal Palace was opened in Hyde Park, eye, but risky as well as expensive. Use, every one believed that a new era had set instead, a double-not twisted-snell, backed in; and now every one believes that even the old one is setting in a certain gloom. carefully by yourself from the unmounted The prophets who in 1851 speke of peace, gut soaked in tepid water. For sinker, the prophets who in 1846 believed univerweight lightly with nicely tapered lead cut | sal free commerce, the prophets who in 1870 thought that with universal education ting paper, and placed say twenty inches- | crime and poverty would alike become paincertainly not less-from the hook, which ful recollections, are all looking round disshould be the Sproat No. 2. The writer | enchanted; and as they look they see their opened the season, three years ago, with a whole class, all who can understand or Kinsey No. 12, and caught no less than six- sympathize with the ideas, derided, insulted teen bass in succession, without the loss of one; then he lost the next nine. It is a good ural that they should be dejected that lithook, especially for general fishing, but the learning translation of learning the loss of one; then he lost the next nine. It is a good ural that they should be dejected that lithook, especially for general fishing, but the Only \$10-Three Months' Night School.

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sadness, that art should be "lugubrious," as Sir J. Crichton Browne says, that even penny journalism, which is too prosperous for sadness, and forgets that its whole prosperity might disappear in a week with a turn in the price of paper, has a pleasure in sensational prophecies of evil.

Thought the License Covered Killing. Washington Post. There is one negro in the District who

would do all things under countenance of the law, but his idea of permits are a little off-color and his philosophy is somewhat He belongs to the younger generation of his race. Recently he burst into the office of Deputy Clerk Washburne at the police court with fire in his eyes.
"Boss," he says, "I wants a permit ter carry a 'volver and ter kill dat man who is foolin' wid my wife." Some one told him that revolvers razors were joys which the law forbids to colored men in this world and in the event of any killing the District might have some hemp to stretch. The darky listened seriously to the words. "Well, boss," he said in despair, "what fer did I pay a dollar fer my marriage license.'

A Change.

The confectionery in the Grand Opera Building will be closed for a few days preparatory to opening as a first-class candy, ice cream, soda water and buffet lunch parlor, under the name of "Wysong."

FUNERAL DIRECTORS. 125 North Delaware St.

TELEPHONE 564.

SOUTHARD—James P., aged eighty-three years, at the residence, 809 South Twen-tieth street, Omaha, Neb., Tuesday morn-ing, Nov. 7, 8 o'clock. Funeral private.

OBITUARY.

DAVIS-Mr. J. E. Davis, an old resident of Indianapolis, departed this life at his residence, 138 Blackford street, Thursday

evening, the 9th inst., at 9:30 o'clock. Mr. Davis was born in London, England, in the year 1812. For a number of years he was a snoe merchant on East Washington street; was a man of the strictest integrity in his business relations; was respected by all, and was for years a member of the First Presbyterian Church of this city. During the last eighteen years, his health being precarious, he retired from business and from society, content to pass the evening of his days in the love and confidence of his family. He was blessed with the full possession of his mind, was conscious to the end, and passed away peacefully in the confident assurance of salvation "through the precious blood of Jesus." He leaves a wife and three children, who cherish his memory with the tenderest affection.

> CHURCH NOTICES. Congregational.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, corner of New York and Meridian streets. Rev. F. E Dewhurst, pastor. Sunday, Nov. 12: Sunday school at 9:30. Morning service, with sermon, at 10:45. Subject, "The Nor-wegian System of the Liquor Traffic." Evening service, with sermon, at 7:30, Subject, "How Much Land a Man Needs." (After Tolstoi.) Monday, 13, Insurate classes, Shakspeare and Spenser, American history. Wednesday, 15. Class in Froebel's Education of Man," 4:30 p. m. "Ruskin's Social and Economic Theories." Social Science, 7:30 p. m. Class in Spanish, 4:30 p. m. Thursday, 16. Midweek meeting, "Ethics of Social Progress." meeting, "Ethics of Social Progress." (See 5.) Saturday, 18. Class in Spanish, 3

LECTURE. PROGRESS CLUB-REV. G. A. CARSTENsen will lecture on "Restricted Immigration" in Mansur Hall, corner of Alabama and Washington streets, to-day, at 3 p. Five-minute general debate following lecture. Everybody cordially invited. Ad-

LOST. LOST-BEFORE 8 A. M. SATURDAY morning, silver watch, No. 21389. Finder please return or write to 340 East Tenth street or office Indiana Bicycle Company. FANNY M. BOOTE.

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